UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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"The Kind Friend"

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Items From a Traveler's Note-Book

III

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Signs of the Times

By SYDNEY STRONG

Books on Education

By FREDERICK STARR

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is now on his way to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes is contributing a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1929 NUMBER 24

PRAYER BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Almighty God, who hast given us this good land for our heritage, we humbly beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogancy, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in Thy name we entrust the authority of government, that there may be peace and justice at home, and that through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail.

But we still believe in democracy. A Senate which in the same session votes almost unanimously in ratification of a treaty binding all of the potent nations on earth to the renunciation of war as a national policy, and by a scarcely less decisive vote lays the mandate upon the executive administration of our national government forthwith to construct a whole fleet of new cruisers whose sole purpose can be to participate in war,—such a performance puts one's faith in democracy under a strain. But our faith still survives. Indeed, it is going strong. Here is one of the delightful and delicious sublimities of democratic inconsistency. Neither of these things was done in a corner. Democracy was functioning when the Senate sprung this somersault. Whatever the Senate is or is not, it leaves nothing lacking as an open forum. There is no phase of any question it considers which fails of some degree of recognition. If any suffers from disproportionate attention, it is because among ninety-six men, and innumerable promoting and lobbying organizations nagging them, there is lacking the verve or the conviction to give that phase appropriate eminence. The truth is that the American people are just this wobbly on the question of war. We are scandalized by it yet are too timid to dare our growing convictions. Eminent lay leaders of the movement for outlawry have swallowed at a gulp all fifteen of the new cruisers. Among supporters of the act are multitudes who insist that the cruisers are not war machines after all; they are newly baptized doves of peace. Figures of speech, ancient and modern, have been thrown into one grand jumble to justify this comic inconsistency in which our foremost law-making body, under the compulsion of public opinion, has been driven. This is no time and place for the smug dogmatist who would save American civilization by a formula. Salvation never was wrought by such devices, and the very inconsistency of our course with the Peace Pact and the Cruiser Bill is renewed promise that a vigorous, resourceful democracy is on the job. Let us only see to it that the millions spent on the cruisers shall prove sheer waste.

Solemn as was Mr. Hoover's warning that nobody will know who are to be the cabinet officers until he announces them, the newspapers appear to have accepted the report as authentic that Mr. Stimson is to be the Secretary of State. He is a large and revealing straw which shows in what direction a good stiff breeze is blowing. Mr. Hoover's every move has indicated that the foreign policy of his administration is going to concentrate on the western hemisphere and our relations with sister nations of the Americas. Yet he won many votes of those who gained confidence from his knowledge of the rest of the world. There is no reason to believe that their confidence will have been misplaced. Doubtless he will not neglect European and Asiatic foreign relations. But his after-election goodwill trip to the south and now the reported selection of Mr. Stimson to head his cabinet point clearly to a special regard to international relations on this hemisphere. Here is statesmanship or at least the promise of it. These relations, the Lord and most of the American people well know, need attention. Mr. Stimson was not tarred so black as were some others with the Nicaraguan stick. Perhaps the final analysis of that disgraceful situation will give him the credit for bringing out of it all the redemption it can ever claim. His work in the Philippines has not been that of a military dictator. Much of the turmoil there quieted down at once when he took hold, and good will seems to have steadily deepened and spread as his administration has progressed. If Mexican affairs required Mr. Morrow's remaining at that post rather than to be drafted into the cabinet, one wonders whether Philippine affairs do not still require Mr. Stimson at that post. But perhaps his work is done or can be taken over by another of like spirit in the Philippines. At any rate, the choice

of Mr. Stimson for the head of the cabinet appears to confirm the impression that our American house is to be set in order as a more important piece of statesmanship than getting entangled in the imperial designs of European states.

How far should the "gospel" be used to block the community's healthy advance? In New York a very interesting situation emerges. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his associates are developing a perfectly thrilling project in the heart of the city for a monumental culture center. The land to be devoted to this project belongs to Columbia University, and has been leased at a stipulated rental for a term of between 80 and 90 years. At one corner of the large plat stands one of the churches of the collegiate group of the Reformed Church of America, on land not owned by the university but by the denomination. It is now believed that the civic culture center will be disfigured if this church site is not included. The pastor and officers of the church are reported in the press as scouting the idea that they will surrender their distinguished Gothic pile and their vantage point in the city in the interests of the community's grand project. The pastor is quoted as declaring that the proper dispensation of the "gospel" demands that they remain to provide the witness. The matter has not yet been fully considered upon its merits by any of the parties concerned. But discussion has already gone far enough to raise questions about church policies in such a case. How appealing will a gospel be which sounds forth from a center maintained at such an affront to the community's cultural enthusiasms? Mr. Rockefeller will attempt nothing drastic, of course. The church may hold on to its site if it wants to. But for at least eighty years surging multitudes of citizens will be reminded, as they stumble around this obstruction, of the motives which prompted its persistence. What powerful inspirations to unselfish service and noble sacrifice for the common good will emanate from this shrine! How ringing will be the challenge from that pulpit to do and dare for the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God! The charm of that "gospel" cannot help but be overpowering!

Debate relative to re-apportionment of population for elections to the federal House of Representatives moves to philosophy. First off, the fact that there is so little debate is provocative. Here it is 1929. The federal Constitution requires that congressional districts shall be re-drawn following each decennial census. Yet Congress has deliberately violated the Constitution since 1920. Apportionments are still based upon the census of 1910. And Congress has gotten away with this stuff. The excuse is not neglect, but partisanship and self-seeking; this party or this particular state will lose one or more representatives under the reapportionment made mandatory by the Constitution. But what is the Constitution among partisans, though they have solemnly sworn to uphold it? Yet the conscienceless-ness of Congress is not the final indictment; the graver fact is that public interest has been so supine as to let them get away with their partisan perfidy. Arrived at the conviction that we, the people, are the real criminals, of course we cool off a bit, and our philosophy runs deeper, or at least grows more brooding. What is the difference, after all? Is not public sentiment growing more and more hopeless of the House? Of what particular significance is it that a crowd of 435 sectionally-minded politicians should hail in one proportion or another from this, that or the other section? Among necessary evils the gradations of evil are matters of secondary concern. Is this the course of public reasoning, and does this account for the popular lethargy? Perhaps no more marked shift in public sentiment has occurred than the recently popular attitude toward the Senate, on the one side, and toward the House, on the other. Not long ago publicists and editors were declaring that the Senate is the vermiform appendix of the American body politic, and that only a major operation could relieve the patient. Popular acclaim was all for the House. Latterly the attitude appears exactly reversed. What has redeemed the Senate and brought the House into disrepute? Go on with your philosophy.

Is this that we see transpiring in Rome real statesmanship? Is it so wonderful to have the Roman question settled? Will it really be settled when Mussolini and Pius finish with their dictating? The sparring still goes on as this is written, and the latest announcement is that there will be no announcement until April. The civil power is claiming the upper hand. The reputed accord in this old feud must not be given out to the public until the Italian government can do it decorously, officially, in its own good time. Is that a triumph of Mussolini's hard fist or of Pius' superior cunning? In yielding to Mussolini's apparent demand that he do the announcing is Pius stooping to a new conquest: throwing upon the civil power the onus of having sought the settlement? Does the king but kneel once more in the snow at Canossa? All this jugglery is doubtless beyond the discernment of the blundering democracies of newer worlds. But the principal event, the resolving of the sixty-year-old stalemate between the Vatican and the Italian government,—what of that? Can it be so easily disposed of as the present diplomatic jugglery seems to imply? Can an enlightened civil state live at peace with a medieval ecclesiastical power, when they must have such intimate dealings as is required by the juxtaposition in Rome? Permanent enmity and tacit agreement

never to agree would seem sound logic, while this little fiction of Mussolini's and Pius' contrivance would seem futile and impossible. Another Pope than Pius will rule ere long. Another government than the monstrosity Mussolini has fabricated will arise in his room. Then what? Can the arrangement now being entered into continue? Will any civil government in Italy fit to take its place among the civilized states of the world of tomorrow tolerate the situation which Mussolini is creating? Probably we shall not need to wait many years to find out. What God has put asunder it takes only time to show the folly of the most determined of dictators in attempting to join together.

It seems that the stock-holder amounts to something after all. Those of us who are strangers to the feel of stock-holding, were beginning to wonder if the stock-holder had not become a purely decorative piece of bric-a-brac in the citadel economic. Corporation directors seemed to be having everything their own way. It looked like a peculiarly helpless or stupid lot of stock-holders who would deliberately vote to keep perpetually in office the type of director known to reign supreme in many of the corporations. Then some of the biggest of these corporations began spreading their stock. At first it looked like a ruse to extract the coin from the dear public while cunning directors and the financiers back of them ran away with the swag. The results all too clearly justified the surmise in some cases. Then followed various cunning schemes by which voting power was more and more limited, until only a few of the stock-holders retained even the nominal vote upon the management of the industry. Professor Ripley has let us in upon some of the tricks. But there remain some corporations where the stock-holder appears to have something to say,—at least when the powers inside fall out. They are at it hot and strong in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and in the Childs's Restaurant Company. Before the Ides of March the stock-holders will have spoken, and one side or the other of the embattled hosts in the directorate of each of these two big corporations will have gone down in defeat. Big money is talking in both cases, but in each the humble stockholder is to say the deciding word. The wonder is if he will not be too bewildered to know what he is saying. He is so little used to the exercise of his power that he may blunder the business in one or both of the cases. Big money is pitted against itself in the Standard Oil fight, the biggest being in the hands of and with the Rockefellers. And the small stockholders are claimed in support of the opposition. The situation is more complicated in the Childs case. We shall see what we shall see, but watch the small stock-holder in his strange new dignity.

J. E. McAfee.

"The Kind Friend"

Friendship is one of the most lovely achievements of humanity. But there are times when the appearance of the "kind friend" is enough to cause even a saint to deny whatever gods there may be. The kind friend almost invariably introduces his remarks with, "Now, remember I am your friend," or "I am speaking only for your own good." Again it may be that he is more cautious and then he says, "I am a friend of yours and also of Smith, but I feel it my duty," etc. I have known a kind friend to say, very guiltily, almost in a whisper, "Remember it is only my love for you and because I think you ought to know." One feels that this is said with a great sense of responsibility.

The kind friend is always anxious to put the blame on duty or a desire to protect someone. He just does not want to speak, it hurts him to the quick. But there is no escape. He must unburden himself. So having laid a foundation in the command of this "stern faced daughter of God" or in a passionate desire to sacrifice himself for your protection, he proceeds with the revelation which you by long experience know all too well is coming.

What agonies of soul! What bitter hours of misery! What broken friendships! What ruined homes —are chargeable to these kind friends. God only knows. I have prayed again and again that I might be delivered from them—unmitigated nuisances that prey upon the very souls of folks. There is no friendship too lovely, no love too sacred for them to attack under the guise of duty and service.

John Jones has had a bad night. He has arisen feeling ugly and even vicious. He fights his face as he washes it at the bowl. He ties his shoes as though he was tying his most hated foe to a post. He goes down to the boarding house breakfast like an irritated fox terrier. His best friend with whom he had arranged to walk to the office, has eaten and gone. Bill not being there, he is a good one for John to take it out on. He does. He says, "Bill is a confounded liar." He then eats in a hurry and rushes out to overtake Bill. He fails. But kind friend who overheard John's opening remarks and left at once, does overtake Bill. His first remark after commenting on the weather is, "Say, Bill, I hate to tell you but I think you ought to know."

"Know what," says Bill.

"You ought to know what John Jones is saying."

"What's John saying?"

"He says you are a liar."

"I don't believe it," replies Bill instantly. But the iron is in his soul. "I wonder what he meant," he thinks to himself—and then aloud he says, "John's

too touchy anyway. I guess he referred to what I told him about Mabel."

The kind friend hasn't the slightest idea what John meant but he wants to be helpful so he says, "Yes, I guess that was it."

So the fat's in the fire.

A loyal parishioner was up late Saturday night. He went to church feeling sleepy. Parson Brown preached a very good sermon, but in spite of it, loyal parishioner went to sleep. Going out of church, Miss Susan Hepple points a challenging finger at him and says in a whisper, "Shame on you, you went to sleep during the sermon."

Loyal parishioner admits it but feels ashamed. He does not love Susan. She notices too many of his failings. He is willing, however, to justify himself, so he says, " 'Twasn't my fault. The Parson's getting a bit dull," and forgot the remark.

Monday — "blue Monday" — morning the kind friend in the person of Miss Susan, appears at the parsonage. She has just run in for a moment, can't take off her things. "Ah no—must be going down town on an errand. The service was beautiful yesterday. But—(it always begins with a 'but')—I think I ought to tell you, for your good you know. Please do not misunderstand me—I would not hurt you for the world—but—it may not amount to anything but—Mr. Griswold, you know he is one of our loyal supporters, he thinks—at least he told me that you—"

At this point Parson Brown interrupts, "My dear Miss Hepple don't you think it would be better if you permitted Mr. Griswold to give me his criticism personally?" All the while his heart is sinking and he is wondering how he has offended Mr. Griswold.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I was afraid that he might not, and—"

"And what?"

"Well, if he did not tell, then someone should tell you. I do not like to, but I think I should."

The resistance of Parson Brown is at its lowest level. Miss Susan, the kind friend, goes on. "Mr. Griswold thinks you are getting dull. I don't think so, no one else does—but you know that we can't lose Mr. Griswold."

Miss Susan rises and says, "I hope I have not hurt you. I would not do that for the world. I must go. Give my love to Mrs. Brown."

So the kind friend left and Parson Brown meditated. He cannot ask Mr. Griswold if he is getting dull. If Griswold thinks so, he thinks so. The idle remark has become iron in the soul of tired Parson Brown. The week that followed was full of unusual and petty annoyances. On Sunday he resigned.

A professor sat late in his office, absorbed in writing a book review. A co-ed saw the light in the Professor's window. A few minutes later she was in his office asking him for help on a paper she was writing. His wife at home waited. It had been a hard day for her. The month's bills had come in. When paid, there were only eighty dollars left. The children needed shoes and clothes. She had ironed all the afternoon. Too tired to read, she sat and waited. The clock struck nine, then ten. As the clock ceased striking the phone rang—a voice said:

"I am sorry to trouble you."

A forced smile was on her lips. She said with affected gaiety, "No trouble. Who is it, please?"

"Only a friend—do you know who your husband is with?"

She did not know but the tone of the voice worried her, and she replied, "Of course. Why do you ask?"

"I feel it my duty to tell you—"

The receiver was hung up. The kind friend had done her duty. If the wife had not been tired and weary, it might have ended differently. Kind friends seldom wait for the propitious occasion.

So it goes on day after day in this world of ours. The kind friends seem to be omnipresent. They are at hand at the club, on the golf course, in the church, on the street, ready to hear the thoughtless remark, the idle comment, the foolish criticism. With eagerness, under the mask of sacred duty, they hasten to bear the evil tidings. Of them it never can be said "how beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

They go about "thrusting hard hands in the heart strings of a friend." God knows there is sorrow enough in the world. But the kind friends do not seem to be aware of the fact. No one seems safe from their miasmic influence. No friendship is too precious, no relation too sacred, to ward them off. They are the exasperating witches, who riding a broomstick named "Duty," curse and pollute mankind.

When the kind friend begins, "I really am sorry and do not want to tell you, but—." Just at this point, safety and peace of mind may justify your saying, "Out damned spirit. Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

But you probably will not. What you will say is, "It is very kind of you indeed. I appreciate that you did not want to tell me this but have done so only under a compelling sense of duty." The kind friend will depart with a comforting sense of having done that day "one good deed." And you, if you are very wise and fortunate enough to have your adrenals and other glands in proper order, will either drop this child of duty into the sea of oblivion or you will put on your hat and march with cheerfulness straight to headquarters and find out what's what.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Items From a Traveler's Note-Book

[Editorial Correspondence]

III

San Remo

San Remo is one more Riviera town—wonderfully beautiful, with its lofty hotels and villas, its promenade by the sea, and its palms and orange trees. But there was little distinctive about it, unless I note the statue of Garibaldi which reminded us that we had crossed the border from France into Italy.

It was here, also, that we were reminded that we were in the land of Mussolini. Photographs of the Duce were frequent, and his soldiers everywhere. A national police, a national army, and the Fascisti legions give Mussolini absolute control of the country. And while our informants disagreed as to the policies of the Dictator, all agreed that he had a grip of iron upon the nation, and used it to give such law and order as modern Italy has never known. If this is our social ideal, Italy has it!

In San Remo, also, was a towering monument to the Russian Revolution in the form of a Greek Orthodox church. The blue, star-bespangled domes, the bell-tower, the triple cross, all were there, but the building was dirty, neglected and forlorn. A front window was broken, a side arch had fallen; the process of decay was well started. And why not? For ever since the doors were locked in the spring of 1917, they have remained locked. Some noble scion of the old Czarist nobility is said to have the keys, waiting for the great day of the restoration, when the doors may again be flung open, and Te Deums chanted in celebration of the new Czar. Meanwhile, the bodies of the late king and queen of Montenegro, parents of the reigning queen of Italy, sleep undisturbed in their tombs in this mouldering church. Their sleep promises to remain undisturbed for a long time!

Russian emigrés are scattered all up and down this coast, most of them earning their living respectably and cheerfully. The Grand Duke Nicholas died only a few days before our arrival. In San Remo we were shown a hotel run by a noble Russian lady, all of whose servants are disinherited members of the old aristocracy. In Cannes, on the landing-pier, we met and talked with one of these exiles, a charming, highly-cultured, much-traveled man, master of many languages, who lost everything in the Revolution, and now supports himself as a representative of a famous tourist agency. When we last saw him, he was hunting a trunk among the steamer's baggage. Of many, perhaps most, of these Russian emigrés we can say what was said of King Charles II—that nothing so became them as their taking off.

San Remo, of course, reminded us of the famous conference held here some years ago between Germany and the Allied nations. It must be a popular place for such business, for at the present moment is being held a conference between Roumania and Hungary for the settlement of boundary disputes. We took dinner in the same hotel with the Hungarian delegates, and were shown particularly "the famous Count Karolyi," whom we instantly recognized as not *the* famous Count Karolyi. Who *this* Count was I could not discover—perhaps a successor, or a member of the family who has been willing to make terms with the Horthy regime. If so, he could be engaged in much worse business than keeping peace with Roumania.

If San Remo was not distinctive, the five-hours drive to Genoa was memorable beyond words to describe. The natural wonders of the drive were staggering—the road sweeping along within a few feet of the blue-green sea, mounting swiftly hundreds of feet up the mountain sides, skirting along the edges of cliffs which dropped sheer to the water sparkling far below, swinging sharp around corners of the jutting crags that left not a foot of space to spare. There were few automobiles upon the road, but a constant procession of donkeys—with heavy packs or towering carts, women striding magnificently along with great bundles perched upon their heads, and hardy wayfarers going we know not and could not imagine where. As we came to the shore towns and cities, it amused and then angered me to see these honest countryfolk held up by customs officers and taxed for entrance or passage through. For tariff is charged here not merely at the frontiers of nations, but also at the border-lines of townships as well. Every basket of flowers or vegetables, every load of hay, every commodity conveyed to market, must pay its tax. 'Way back to the Middle Ages this custom goes, and even Mussolini is not wise enough or bold enough to banish it.

Nor has Mussolini conquered the bill-board evil as France has conquered it! The moment we crossed the border, we began to see along the road what I stated in a previous article we did not see in the French Riviera. The noxious signs of mammoth proportions, advertising automobiles or gasoline, began to scar the mountainside and thrust themselves into the turns in the road. The farther we went, and thus the more distant from French influence, the worse it got. Finally, I saw what lingers in my mind as the worst, the most outrageous, example of bill-board advertising that I have ever seen. A half-mile from shore, mounting crag on crag to a thousand feet or more above the azure sea, was a marvelous wooded island. At the top were the ruins of an old fort or watch-tower of earlier days. And in the center, fronting toward the shore, was a gigantic sign announcing the virtues of "Lampo," an Italian brand of gasoline. Nor was this "Lampo" content with desecrating the landscape of the open country—it must desecrate the city as well! For in Genoa, at the highest point of the old wall which encircled the city in the 14th century, there was another "Lampo" sign, dominating the scene for blocks around. Perhaps Mussolini does not know this evil, or has not seen it in this place. If so, we urge him to wake up, for if he does not act, this matchless road along the sea will in a few years be like our American highways to Atlantic City.

But not yet have I recorded what most impressed me upon this ride through the Italian Riviera. I refer to the evidences everywhere of the new road-building operations which were under way. As soon as we crossed the border, we noticed that the road was not as smooth, the precipices not as well protected, the general appearance not as neat and pleasant as in France. But we also noticed immediately that repair and reconstruction work was everywhere going for-

ward. There was no end to the groups of workingmen, the piles of crushed stone, the donkeys and carts for bringing up material and carrying away debris. Mile after mile we flew along, and still the work was proceeding. Now it was a new roadway which was being laid; here it was a corner which was being widened; there it was a wall which was being raised. Occasionally we passed through a new tunnel or over a new bridge. I think I can say that, from the French border through San Remo to Genoa, we saw not a mile of highway without its evidence of new construction. And this, I take it, is typical of Italy today. The country is everywhere being rebuilt and—cleaned! We saw clean streets and newly painted houses in the towns and villages; fresh, smooth pavements were not uncommon; in one little "ville" we even saw a delapidated Catholic church covered with scaffolding and swarming with workingmen. As for Genoa, we were there shown fine new apartment-houses, blocks of splendid workingmen's homes, and streets and boulevards which put New York City to shame. If Fifth Avenue were as clean as the Via Roma, I should believe in miracles, or that an American Mussolini had come. Only in the back streets of the old city—those curious, narrow alley-ways, with the great towering tenements on either side, the distant lane of sky above almost covered by the day's washing strung on ropes across the street from balcony to balcony—only here did I find the dirt and smells traditionally associated with Italian cities, and even here the dose was homeopathic. Italy is awake, no doubt about that, and she is also at work. A new nation—cleansed, clothed, remade—is coming into being. If Mussolini has done this—and everybody says he has!—why, then, we simply have this much new evidence in support of Shakespeare's dictum that there is "good in everything."

Genoa

Of this ancient city, whence I sail for Egypt, I can say little as I saw little in the twenty-four hours of my stay. Yet I learned the topography of the place well enough to know my way about, and if I were dropped down unexpectedly and unknowingly in any part of the town, I should be able to recognize that it was Genoa, and make my way unguided to my hotel. The city is not beautiful, not particularly interesting; but it is as distinctive as Edinburgh or Vienna, and just now is rapidly growing and very busy.

And there is holy ground in this city—the grave of Mazzini, and to that I must make pilgrimage! For there have been few souls greater than his—few men in all history who lived more nobly and wrought more heroically for freedom. His addresses, letters, and especially his masterpiece, "The Duty of Man," are among the sacred scriptures of the race. And his years of exile are a tale of martyrdom among the most glorious in human annals. I never tire of looking up at the walls of my church in New York, and seeing his name as it stands inscribed upon the golden frieze. If I saw nothing else in Genoa, I must see this sacred spot where Mazzini lies buried.

So, after my bags had been safely deposited, a hasty luncheon eaten, and my transportation arrangements straightened out, I started without a moment's delay upon my pilgrimage. The grave was not hard to find, for it is in the "Campo Santo," the municipal burying-ground which has features so remarkable as to justify an article by itself. But I was interested not in many graves, but in one, and that I found was fittingly placed upon the highest spot in the cemetery, a great hill towering above all the rest of the ground, and looking afar over the city. Up and up I climbed, more bothered than helped by the guide, and at last came to the tomb, a Greek-like structure, with the famous name inscribed upon the frieze above the columns, the whole surrounded by trees and shrubs, and an appropriate iron fence. Behind the gates of the tomb lay the body of the great patriot, and in front the body of his adored mother. It was a marvelous spot. I would gladly have lingered there for hours, and refreshed my memory of this immortal hero. But the few moments of my stay was an uplifting experience. I can think of nothing which would move me more deeply except the grave of Theodore Parker, also in Italian soil, in Florence—and that I hope to visit on my return from Palestine.

It was comforting to learn, as we made our way through the "Campo Santo," that the Catholics are buried in one section of the cemetery, the Protestants in another, the Jews in a third section, and the atheists and free-thinkers off in a remote corner by themselves. Thus are prevented after death any of the unseemly religious brawls which are not uncommon on this side of the grave! Yet I could not help wondering what awful thing is expected to happen if a Jew were by any mistake to be buried among the Protestants, or a Protestant among the Catholics. And if a free-thinker got loose and ran amuck, what disturbance is it supposed he would cause among these who sleep so well? And, if we dig deep down enough below the surface, are there any real divisions in Mother Earth? Here is a parable for those who have eyes to see.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Genoa, Italy.

Signs of the Times

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

The majority of Americans would be inclined to believe that the world, and especially America, was in a period of progressive and constructive development. The contrary, I am inclined to believe, is true—that we are in for a long running tide of reaction. Let me give some signs.

Tex Rickard

Not enough attention has been paid to Mr. Rickard as one of the signs of the times. People seem to be afraid to speak of him—itself a bad sign. Vice-presidents, senators, ministers, professors, society-women all paid him homage while living—who will raise now a voice of criticism? Nothing proves better the fact of a subsidized press—in its advertising columns—than the silence of the press, even the religious press, over the career of Mr. Rickard. When the War opened in 1914, pugilism had been outlawed. Prize-fighters had to flee the country to do their mauling, or were chased from state to state, with the sheriff on their trail. Mr. Rickard is not accountable for the change which brought the pugilist back to the central arena

of the nation and the world. It is the tidal wave of brutality that came from the War. What Mr. Rickard did was to organize and commercialize it. The public was in a low state that invited organization. When he died, the whole nation paid more attention to him—in conversation and press, it is said, than to Theodore Roosevelt, who died on exactly the same day, ten years previous. How do you explain it? No other way than by the wave of reaction in morals. It is to be accounted for in the same way that we account for Roman gladiators. Rickard was a clever manipulator of the public. He worked them all—professors, governors, literary men, clergymen, the Navy. But, he could not have worked them, if they had not been on the slide to the Avernus of beastliness.

Ecumenical Council in Rome in 1930

The New York *Herald-Tribune* in a recent issue calls attention, first column, first page, in detail to the first meeting since 1870 of the Roman Ecumenical Council, to be held in 1930. It had a good sense of news of importance, for that Council will be an important event, as showing the drift of the world life, during the next four or five years. Such Councils—Roman, Anglican or Orthodox Greek — are always called in periods of reaction. Their work is largely to gather up the waste of what has come out of human experience like a holocaust of War. They are getting ready for it now down in Rome. The seats for important men from all over the world are being placed in the Vatican. The carpenters are busy. The Council of 1870 was reactionary. Then it was that Papal Infallibility was proclaimed—the most reactionary ecclesiastical dogma that was ever uttered. That was the time, strangely, and unexpectedly, the Pope lost "temporal sovereignty" due to the fact that the French troops were unable to defend him. During the same period the Italian troops marched into Rome and established the Republic! The coming year it looks very much as if "temporal sovereignty" might be restored to the Pope by Italian troops (Mussolini) by a grant of land, adjoining the Vatican, and also a kind of indemnity of $52,000,000! Think, in contrast, of the days when the first Peter had on "silver and gold"!

The Ecumenical Council in Rome, 1930, as a sign of the drift of the times, is worth noting. Attention will probably be paid at Rome to the great Greek Church, that has suffered in Russia partly because of her failure to "feed the sheep"—and overtures may be made; but it may be asserted, there will be no compromise on the part of the Roman Church. This is a period of reaction, a time when it is fit for the wandering and lost to return to the fold. There will be pronouncements on doctrine. There will be an attempt to reveal how inadequate modernism and humanism and liberalism are, and to mend the morals of the age by a return to medievalism.

Signs and Portents

One need only look at Italy—reaction, the human spirit fettered. Russia also is suffering from reaction. And, England only a short time ago had a great, hopeful industrial movement toward a new era for humanity. Now, alas, there seems to be only Ramsay MacDonald, a shifty apologist of the reactionary acts of the ruling party. There are appearances here and there of desire for unity among the churches, of the liberal order—and on the part of Christians to find fellowship with Jews, and to come to an understanding with the adherents of the faiths of other nations. Even this is often the result of lack of vitality and a sign of the indifference and ease that go with reaction and decadence.

And, in America

It seems to me that in America the tide of reaction from the War is in full swing still, and few signs of receding. There is not even a "revival" among the churches—and among those churches known for revival history. The most advanced work in religious life is found in the promotion of the use of the drama, in the education of the young people, in the combination of churches, in studying the rural problem and the like. I am aware that this is not quite an adequate description—but where in the churches is there any strong, vital movement in the deep things of life? I do not see it. And, there is the Labor Movement. There seems to be rather general agreement that Labor speaks with no great power on the big questions that affect mankind. And, the radicals—there are few of them in the first place. Part of these have gone off into liberal ideas of living, or in expressing their freedom in rather unethical literary forms, while others of them are plain tired.

Only One Political Party

I mention one other sign of reaction in the fact that there is only one political party in our federal government. There was in reality only one party at the last election, although there were many party names. We recall how difficult it was for campaigners to name issues, that separated the two big Parties. There will be only one party for the next ten years, in our federal government. That party's name is Business. Labor will play no part in the elections of the next ten years. The Farmer a little—but only as tethered to Business. Some of the radical and liberal clubs—like Foreign Policy and Labor Forums—may think that they are moving and guiding public action. The same with the newspapers. There will be some dictatorship from forums and press and pulpit—but policies of government will be determined by Business.

Other Signs

That little display of witchcraft, in a rich section of Pennsylvania, makes one uneasy. The 527 cases of homicide in Chicago, in 1928, as over against a third less in 1927, makes one uneasy. The spending of five out of six dollars of the national income for military purposes—past, present and anticipative—foretells violence. The extent to which military training has expanded in the land since the war is not generally realized. The Organized Reserves have been doubled, the National Guard has been more than tripled, and the Reserved Officers Training Corps in the high schools and colleges has been quadrupled. All these are signs of a sinister moral decadence and reaction.

What Hope?

Not much, for reaction is still running like a tidal wave. There is, of course, a very clear way out—shown to the fathers—not often accepted by them, but when accepted, it was found to be a way of life. *Repentance.* The people of this generation must repent of the evils that they have supported, wallowed in and have shown no sorrow for. They must show horror and penitence. Hope would then spring up. The tide would begin to turn. I see no other way.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XX AND XXI

In Touch with Labor

Whilst I was yet winding up my work on the Committee, I received a letter from Sjts. Mohanlal Pandya and Shankarlal Parikh telling me of the failure of crops in the Kheda district, and asking me to guide the peasants who were unable to pay the assessment. I had not the inclination, the ability or courage to advise without an inquiry on the spot.

At the same time, there came a letter from Shrimati Anasuyabai about the condition of labor in Ahmedabad. Wages were low, the laborers had long been agitating for an increment, and I had a desire to guide them if I could. But I had not the confidence to direct even this comparatively small affair from that long distance. So I seized the first opportunity to go to Ahmedabad. I had hoped that I should be able to finish both these matters quickly and get back to Champaran to supervise the constructive work that had been inaugurated there.

But things did not move as swiftly as I had wished, and I was unable to return to Champaran, with the result that the schools closed down one by one. My co-workers and I had built many castles in the air, but they all vanished for the time being.

One of these was cow protection work in Champaran, besides rural sanitation and education. I had seen, in the course of my travels, that cow protection and Hindi propaganda had become the exclusive concern of the Marwadis. A Marwadi friend had sheltered me in his *dharmashala* whilst at Bettiah. Other Marwadis of the place had interested me in their *goshala* (dairy). My ideas about cow protection had been definitely formed then, and my conception of the work was the same as it is today. Cow protection, in my opinion, included cattle-breeding, improvement of the stock, humane treatment of bullocks, formation of model dairies, etc. The Marwadi friends had promised full co-operation in this work, but as I could not fix myself up in Champaran, the scheme could not be carried out.

The *goshala* in Bettiah is still there, but it has not become a model dairy, the Champaran bullock is still made to work beyond his capacity, and the so-called Hindu still cruelly belabors the poor animal, and disgraces his religion.

That this work should have remained unrealized has been, for me, a continual regret, and whenever I go to Champaran and hear the gentle reproaches of the Marwadi and Bihari friends I recall with a heavy sigh all those plans which I had to drop so abruptly.

The educational work in one way or another is going on in many places. But the cow protection work had not taken firm root and so it has not progressed in the direction intended.

Whilst the Kheda peasants' question was still being discussed, in Ahmedabad I had already taken up the question of the mill hands.

I was in a most delicate situation. The mill-hands' case was strong. Shrimati Anasuyabai had to battle against her own brother Sjt. Ambalal Sarabhai, who led the fray on behalf of the mill owners. My relations with them were friendly and that made fighting with them the more difficult. I held consultations with them, and requested them to refer the dispute to arbitration, but they refused to recognize the principle of arbitration.

I had, therefore, to advise the laborers to go on strike. Before I did so I came in very close contact with them and their leaders, and explained to them the conditions of a successful strike:

1. Never to resort to violence.
2. Never to molest blacklegs.
3. Never to depend upon alms.
4. To remain firm, no matter how long the strike continued and to earn bread, during the strike, by any other honest labor.

The leaders of the strike understood and accepted the conditions, and the laborers pledged themselves at a general meeting not to resume work until either their terms were accepted or the mill-owners agreed to refer the dispute to arbitration.

It was during this strike that I came to know intimately Sjts. Vallabhbhai Patel and Shankarlal Banker. Shrimati Anasuyabai I knew well before this.

We held daily meetings of the strikers under the shade of a tree on the bank of the Sabarmati. They attended the meetings in their thousands and I reminded them in my speeches of their pledge and of the duty to maintain peace and self-respect. They daily paraded the streets of the city in peaceful procession, carrying their banner bearing the inscription *"Ek Tek"* (Keep the pledge).

The strike went on for twenty-one days. During the continuance of the strike I consulted the mill owners from time to time and entreated them to do justice to the laborers. "We have our pledge, too," they used to say. "Our relations with the laborers are those of parents and children. . . . How can we brook the interference of a third party? Where is the room for arbitration?"

A Peep Into the Ashram

Before I proceed to describe the progress of the labor dispute it is essential to have a peep into the Ashram. All the while I was in Champaran the Ashram was never out of my mind, and sometimes I used to pay it flying visits.

At that time the Ashram was in Kochrab, a small village near Ahmedabad. Plague broke out in this village, and I saw evident danger to the safety of the Ashram children. It was impossible to keep ourselves immune from the effects of the surrounding insanitation, however scrupulously we might observe the rules of cleanliness within the Ashram walls. We were not then equal either to getting the Kochrab people to observe these rules or to serving the village otherwise.

Our ideal was to have the Ashram at a safe dis-

tance both from town and village, and yet at a manageable distance from either. And we were determined, some day, to settle on ground of our own.

The plague, I felt, was sufficient notice to quit Kochrab. Sjt. Punjabhai Hirachand, a merchant in Ahmedabad, had come in close contact with the Ashram, and used to serve us in a number of matters with a pure and selfless spirit. He had a wide experience of things in Ahmedabad and he volunteered to procure us suitable land. I went about with him north and south of Kochrab in search of land, and then suggested to him to find out a piece of land three or four miles to the north. He hit upon the present site. Its vicinity to the Sabarmati Central Jail was for me a special attraction. As jail-going was understood to be the normal lot of Satyagrahis, I liked this position. And I knew that the sites selected for jails have generally clean surroundings.

In about eight days the sale was executed. There was no building on the land and no tree. But its situation on the bank of the river and its solitude were great advantages.

We decided to start by living under canvas, and having a tin shed for a kitchen, till permanent houses were built.

The Ashram had been slowly growing. We were now over forty souls, men, women and children, having our meals at a common kitchen. The whole conception about the removal was mine, the execution was as usual left to Maganlal.

Our difficulties, before we had permanent living accommodation, were great. The rains were impending and the provisions had to be got from the town four miles away. The ground which had been a waste was infested with snakes, and it was no small risk to live with little children under such conditions. The general rule was not to kill the snakes, though I confess none of had shed the fear of these reptiles, nor have we even now.

The rule of not killing venomous reptiles has been practiced for the most part at Phoenix, Tolstoy Farm and Sabarmati. At each of the places we had to settle on waste lands. We have had, however, no loss of life occasioned by snakebite. I see with the eye of faith in this circumstance the hand of the God of Mercy. Let no one cavil at this, saying that God can never be partial, and that He has no time to meddle with the humdrum affairs of men. I have no other language to express the fact of the matter, to describe this uniform experience of mine. Human language can but imperfectly describe God's ways. I am sensible of the fact that they are indescribable and inscrutable. But if mortal man will dare to describe them, he has no better medium than his own inarticulate speech. Even if it be a superstition to believe that complete immunity from harm for twenty-five years, in spite of a fairly regular practice of non-killing, is not a fortuitous accident but a grace of God, I should still hug that superstition.

During the strike of the mill hands in Ahmadabad the foundation of the Ashram weaving shed was being laid. For the principal activity of the Ashram was then weaving. Spinning had not so far been possible for us.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Portraits in Embroidery

In offering to the public an intimate glimpse of one who is known to most of us as a genius, surely there is one impulse the biographer should stifle with willing hands. And that is the impulse toward embroidery. Also there is one demand the public has a right to make of such a biographer. And that is a basic respect for the personal integrity of the genius as genius, quite apart from whatever is known and felt for him as a man.

The last few years have found us in the grip of the romantic biography. The writer of this form of literature seems to lack the necessary vigor and ability to materialize a subject from the ether. So he drags a famous name down from the stars to form a dummy on which to drape his fragile imaginings. Where his own vocabulary is weak he borrows generously from the style and vocabulary of his protagonist, in this subtle manner to some extent disarming those whose instinct warns them that here is the mark of the beast.

To take a faint rumor hovering scandalously close to the head of some moral or intellectual giant and develop it *a là Francaise* into an episode of yellow journal proportions, is merely a matter of taste—or veracity.

It may be a bitter commentary on the degeneration of our mental fibre, that we can no longer take our biographies "straight." We have to be lured and petted by the equivalent of the spell-binders' eloquence. Made to forget all that essential vitality without which no genius can emerge. The willing victims of a school of prettified literature. The plain, strong words with which the life of any great mind may be told with truth and verisimilitude, being too much for our pap-fed brains.

These writers spend their semi-energies in a half light, putting a diluted vocabulary through mild calisthenics. Not for them the danger of the direct statement or the thrill of standing firm as a rock while the tide goes over their heads. A swim with the current and the well rewarded safety of delicately slanderous innuendo, provide an existence more suited to such frail souls.

Without the name of a genius to carry their own names onto a title-page, obscurity would claim them after a few feebly fluttering years. After one venture into this field, the writer casts about for more giants, in a frantic endeavor to keep that place in the sun which he cannot earn for himself.

Not one biography of this school has contributed a cubit to the stature of its subject, turning on it an artificial light which drains out the real color and casts unnaturally black shadows all around. The pitiless sun of veracity glares and burns: but it has a cleansing heat and strong things grow thereby. These novelised biographies seem to exist only to belittle the achievement and libel the character of their reason for being, showing by that very attitude, how little importance the writer attaches to his subject, when all is said, throwing mud with hands too weak for bricks and striving with ineffectual zeal to demolish a structure the top of which he cannot see. GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

The Study Table

Books on Education

That a new leaven has been working in the schools is generally recognized. Just how far it has been introduced, just what it is doing, just what will be the result—these are questions which parents and educationists are rather anxiously asking. A beautiful book, well written, well illustrated, "The Child-Centered School,"[1] presents the whole matter. It is written by two teachers, exponents of the new ideas. To your reviewer the book is one of extraordinary interest. He knew Colonel Parker, whose new education at Quincy, Massachusetts, had caused a veritable turmoil; he was next door, so to say, when John Dewey founded his laboratory school in Chicago; and now, after many years, he is fresh from seeing one of the completest workings-out of the idea of the child-centered school in the world—the open-air schools of the City of Mexico and the rural schools of the Mexican republic. Himself somewhat conservative, insistent upon *discipline* as the greatest need of the day, crying out against the ignorance and superficiality of our leaders, he has been inclined to apply brakes, to urge a slow advance rather than pell-mell progress. The book before us is not a blindly partisan presentation. Its authors sharply contrast the old listening school and the new school of action.

> The new school *is* different — different in atmosphere, housing, furniture; different in its basic philosophy and psychology; different in the rôle that it assigns to pupil and teacher initiative. For the new school is a child's world in a child's size environment. Here he lives in a democracy of youth. His needs, his interests, as well as adult insight concerning his future life, determine what goes on in this school. . . . The listening school is a place where the chief weapons of education are chalk-talk on a dismal blackboard, a few intensely dull required texts and a teacher's tired voice in continual strident pursuit of elusive young attention.

They revolt against the old, they are committed to the new. They lay down the basic principles on which the new schools are founded. They display the program of work. They discuss the place of the arts in school, as modes of expression and development —not necessarily of art as art, though the results are often beautiful. There are serious dangers in the new school. Our authors admit it and urge remedies. It will be more difficult to find good teachers for the new schools than for the old; and a bad teacher in the new school can do greater harm to pupils and to self, than a bad teacher in the old school. There is danger of loose connection, of chaos and anarchic scattering. But the fundamental ideas of the new school are sound and the dangers will be remedied in time. There is real difficulty when the child from the self-centered school pursues his higher education. Colleges and universities have little sympathy with the methods and results of the school of play, or school of work, as you please to call it. They still make the demands and requirements that were met by the listening school. The real crisis, however, is not there. The same difficulty in a severer form exists when the child from these new schools comes into contact with the real world. Rugg appreciates this difficulty; warns of it. He urges an emphasis in the school upon developing the ability to live with others. He and his co-workers will claim that this ability is better developed in the new school than in the old. Perhaps so. When the whole population has grown up in the new school we shall know. Meantime, the cold world is, indeed, cold for the independent, non-conforming individualist. Some readers discount the claims and achievements of the new school, saying that these schools have for the most part had to do with children from good homes, children of the well-to-do. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip have been conspicuous supporters of the new education. Such criticism means nothing to one who has seen the open-air schools of the City of Mexico, situated in the most crowded and poorest sections. Whatever of good there is in the child-centered schools is good for all. In closing this rather discursive review, two brief comments must be made. Your reviewer may have been exceptionally fortunate; though brought up in the old listening school, he remembered in his own experience none of those dreadful conditions now depicted of that institution. His school days were happy days; his teachers are remembered as men and women who desired to inspire and did inspire their pupils to high things. Nor does he regret that discipline was emphasized; on the contrary, he considers it fortunate, that some of his natural tendencies were restrained and held in check. Again: we can but wonder how the world leaders came to be. President Elliot is rather often mentioned as a leader; probably he was trained in the listening school. And John Dewey himself is old enough to have got a real training somewhere. We might have a long roll-call and when done, might raise the question, whether the next generation is to have a really greater quota of leaders, a larger proportion of successes, than the past ones. If so, hail to the child-centered school.

Among school problems now attracting attention is the question what to do with "the gifted child," the one who easily does the required work of his grade and then has time and energy to spare.[2] Such children may lose all sympathy with their school work. Held back by less rapid learners they chafe under the hindrance, or become indifferent and careless in their own tasks. The problem is a real one and experiments have been made towards its solution. These have been along two lines—either the child is rapidly advanced, doing the work of a year in six months and carried on from class to class, or, remaining in his grade, he is given extra work to fill his time. The first method has practically been abandoned; the child who is rapidly advanced from one grade to another, beyond his age, with little or no associations formed with his classfellows, is as badly off as one who is held back by his less able mates. The other plan, that of course-enrichment, is now being seriously tried out. Nowhere has it been given a fuller trial than in the Cleveland schools. There special classes for gifted children have been conducted through a period of six years. Dr. Goddard's book is a study of these classes. He seems to consider them new and unheard-of in their method. In reality they are conducted on the principles of the child-centered schools just mentioned. There is no especial reason why the system should be peculiar to classes

1. *The Child-Centered School.* Harold Rugg and Ann Shumaker. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co., 800 pp. xiv. 359. Price: $2.40.

2. *School Training of Gifted Children.* Henry Herbert Goddard. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co., 16mo. pp. x. 226. Price: $1.60.

of gifted children. In the Mexican open-air and rural schools they are entirely applicable to children who are *not* gifted. We would not be misunderstood. An advantage may perhaps be gained by special classes for gifted children. Such classes must be "enrichment" classes and give a chance for a larger *amount* of work than the usual classes. But, there is nothing in the work that Dr. Goddard describes, that is, or should be, especially characteristic. There is no reason why a less sane and helpful *method* should be used for common children in the regular grades, than is employed in the special classes for the gifted.

In spite of outside opposition and its own errors —for there have been errors—the psychological test movement makes constant advance. Among the most important books in this field are the volumes of the *Measurement and Adjustment Series,* under the editorial direction of Prof. Lewis M. Terman of Stanford University. The newest volume in the series is "Aptitude Testing,"[3] by Clark L. Hull of the University of Wisconsin. It is a comprehensive treatment of the latest and most important phase of the entire subject. The two parts deal with (1) *Principles* and (2) *Methods.* The first part is not only important, it is presented in such fashion as to be extraordinarily interesting. It discusses the varieties and values of all kinds of tests; investigates anatomical and other alleged signs of aptitudes; examines the actual relations between aptitudes and tests; and deals with batteries of tests, because in determining aptitudes, the adviser uses not a single test, but a carefully constructed battery of test units. In the second part, our author shows how to discover the proper tests and to combine them into an effective battery for forecasting any specific aptitude or aptitudes. The treatment is explicit and the reasons for every procedure are explained. The discussion is here necessarily technical and highly mathematical, but it is presented with remarkable clearness. The author aims to reduce the personal element and calculation to a minimum. He has devised a machine for saving time, labor, and danger of error in computation. In describing it, he says:

> In its final form, this machine will have the different forecasting formulae placed in it permanently as a four-inch perforated band of thin metal, somewhat resembling a music roll in appearance. The test scores will be given to the machine in the form of a similar perforated band of paper upon which will have been recorded the test scores of a given subject. The test scores are recorded on this paper by means of a special perforating service which is operated somewhat like a typewriter. A series of forty test scores may be thus recorded in about a minute. Once the test scores have been recorded on the paper band, it will be placed in the forecasting machine and the starter pressed. The machine will then proceed automatically, and without any attention whatever from the attendant, to make one aptitude forecast after another until the entire forty or fifty have been calculated. At the time of inserting the band of test scores there will also be placed in another part of the machine a card bearing the name of the subject and a blank form giving in a column the names of all the aptitudes and occupations for which forecasting formulae are available. As the machine makes the forecasts, it will stamp them down on this card automatically, opposite the names of the appropriate aptitudes. When the forecasts have all been made the machine will stop automatically, at the same time ringing a bell to call the attendant. The card of forecasts, when removed from the machine, will then present in orderly array and in units of a single uniform scale, permitting of instant comparison, forecasts of the individual's probable success in all the chief type occupations of the world.

3. *Aptitude Testing.* Clark L. Hull. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co., 16mo. pp. xiv. 535. Price: $2.68.

Can you not almost see the uncanny thing smile with satisfaction?

Drawings by children have attracted attention and have been studied and described from many points of view—as showing the development of the child mind, as paralleling prehistoric and barbaric art, as throwing light on art history, etc., etc. Miss Florence L. Goodenough[4] has studied them from a new point of view and for a new purpose. She has developed an intelligence test, which she believes, contributes definitely to the prognosis of school success, correlating definitely with such tests as the *Army Alpha* and the Trabuc Completion tests, "while measuring an aspect of mentality in some degree different" from those reached by them. In her book, "Measurement of Intelligence by Drawings," she states the experiments made in testing the value of her idea, shows the development of the test, and carefully describes it and its application. The test is intended for children from the kindergarten up to ten or twelve years of age. Its use is simple. The child is told to draw the picture of a man. No directions, advice or suggestions are given, nor is there a time limit to the task, though the work is continuous. Only a few minutes are necessary for the test and, while the child is left without direction, care is taken to prevent the picture from being influenced by other children or outside conditions. The pictures are then taken up and are later studied and marked according to a fixed scale of fifty-one points. The object of each point and the precise rules to be followed in grading are carefully stated. Eighty-one sample pictures are given and the points and grading of each are detailed. Sixteen additional pictures supply material for the teacher to practice on, after having made a careful study of the system and the type series. She is then believed to be qualified for an intelligent and independent use of the test. How much value the new test has will be determined by its wider application. The author appears to have made out a good case. Apart from this, however, the book has a real value. Dr. Goodenough outlines the whole subject of the study of children's drawings and presents a bibliography of almost two hundred titles covering the entire field. This makes her book the first one to be read by any one who approaches the subject from any point of view. It may be taken as an introduction and a guide.

In these days of technical and applied science, there is danger of our losing that delight in nature and the wonders of life, which was a marked feature in the middle part of the last century. We, therefore, hail with delight any book, or any movement that aims to open the eyes of the child to the beauty and interest of the world around him. So we welcome Shirling's "Outdoor Adventures."[5] It is natural history of the old kind. Simple in style, interestingly written, illustrated with good pictures, it is a book of collateral reading for the lower grades. It is suited to use in the city or country. It ranges from rabbits to katydids, with a touch here and there upon botany. It will open the eyes to see, the brains to think, and mouths to speak. The suggestive matter at the end of the chapters varies sufficiently to direct the child

4. *Measurement of Intelligence by Drawings.* Florence L. Goodenough. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co. 16mo. pp. xi. 177. Price: $1.80.

5. *Outdoor Adventures.* Albert E. Shirling. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co. 16mo. pp. vi. 250. Price: $1.00.

through a considerable range of observation, organization and description.

FREDERICK STARR.

A Great Churchman

The subject of this biography* was a great man who lived in a great age, and played a great part in that age. Cardinal of the Church, he flourished in the days of Innocent III and the Lateran Council. Archbishop of Canterbury, he held this exalted office in the period of King John and the "Magna Charta." Scholar, preacher, churchman, statesman, he "was the foremost figure in the most bitter of all the conflicts between the secular and the ecclesiastical powers, and in the most far-reaching of all the political disputes in medieval English history." Yet we know almost nothing of this man! "Nothing is known of his early years, and almost nothing of his life in Paris and Rome, and during his years of exile. His numerous writings (with certain exceptions) have not been published or even adequately described. We know nothing about his appearance, and can form only tentative judgments on his character."

*"Stephen Langton," by F. M. Powicke. Published by the Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. $5.

It is to supply this conspicuous lack of national biography that Professor Powicke has written his book. This work will first of all be a delight to the student as an "exercise of historical criticism." It is most emphatically a biography of the learned type, filled with evidences of research, and laden with much paraphernalia of foot-notes, appendices, etc. As an achievement of this kind, it represents a high order of creative scholarship.

But it is more than this! The tale itself is fascinating, and Professor Powicke has made it highly readable. In the midst of the most abstruse discussion of date, or place, or whatnot, the author turns off a paragraph which shows that he could rival Maurois or Ludwig if he so desired. Now and again, as in the case of Langton's student days in Paris, information is so scant that Professor Powicke has to resort to giving us a mere picture of the times. Here and there, notably in the case of the ten years following Langton's return from exile, we get a fairly connected story. Once, when the great Archbishop accepts deposition and outlawry rather than condemn the barons who faced the King at Runnymede, we get a hero-tale. All in all, this is a noble piece of work, greatly welcome.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

A Farmer's Viewpoint of "The Plight of the Vanishing Farmer"

Editor of UNITY:

Dr. David Starr Jordan, in his "Plight of the Vanishing Farmer," depicts the pessimistic viewpoint of many people who are lost in the maze of the many factors that constitute the agricultural complex. As he states, there may be no simple remedy for the ills of the American farmer, but there surely is a simple method by which the remedy of ills will be found.

Most of the things attributed by Dr. Jordan as the cause of the present agricultural condition are only incidental to the real trouble. The real difficulty in all agricultural industries which return to the farmer less than they cost him to produce is nothing more nor less than "over-production." Unfortunately "over-production," except as a result of a seasonal climatic condition, is not falling off rapidly. Just the otherwise exists. The tendency is to increase. This increase is due largely to improved methods. If "over-production" was falling off rapidly, we would have no agricultural problem and the farmer would be the boss of the road. Facts show that in all major food products, both perishable and non-perishable, we are producing and attempting to market more than present consumptive demand requires.

There are minor improvements in marketing and distribution that can wisely be made after the fundamental difficulty of over-production has been solved.

The suggested simple method by which a remedy can be found is through the development of a "suitable planting and breeding program." This quotation is from Agricultural Surplus Control Act which will probably be the basis of the Hoover administration farm relief measures.

A suitable planting and breeding program for each agricultural commodity will solve every fundamental difficulty of that industry. A suitable planting and breeding program is not apparent at the present time for many agricultural commodities. This condition exists because many facts of the industry are unknown and many things must be done for and by the industry to get these important facts.

If the forthcoming agricultural relief bill properly finances the Federal Farm Board and its Commodity Advisory Councils so that full and sufficient research can be carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, a suitable planting and breeding program will be evolved.

The method of determining the plan is simple for the pattern is set forth in every scientific research problem. It is simply get the truths.

The solution, when found, may not be so simple, but why should we expect an easy way of solving a difficult problem. We have done things right handed, left handed, upside down and inside out for centuries in our agricultural industries. Why expect an easy solution?

The suitable planting and breeding program may change the farmer from an individualist to a gregarious collectivist, but what of it? He has been rather poor as an individualist.

The program may force the Farm Board to issue a "Certificate of Public Necessity" before the farmer can plant wheat instead of potatoes or before he can plant at all, but what of it? Acreage in the past has been without rhyme or reason and now the results are beginning to be disastrous.

The program may tell the farmer to destroy his worthless offgrades instead of marketing them with ruinous competition to his good grades, but what of it? In the past the farmer has pulled down the gross revenue from his entire crop to almost nothing by selling for almost nothing the offgrades which in many instances tilted the scales and turned an adequate supply into one of "over-production."

Is it too much to hope that the farmer will be intelligent enough to realize that effective coordination with a suitable planting and breeding program will solve his problems and make him an equal member of the social family?

If the farmer is willing to take accurate scientific advice, it won't be so hard to cure the plight of the vanishing farmer.

H. G. ZUCKERMAN.

Berkeley, Cal.

Another Viewpoint

Editor UNITY:

In your issue of Feb. 4, 1919, David Starr Jordan has a most thought provoking article, "The Plight of the Vanishing Farmer."

Although he does not say it in so many words, he seems to imply it is a misfortune. Whether for good or

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CHINA

If some one came to you for bread
Some child, perhaps, with arms flung wide—
If some one frozen, almost dead
Dropped, in a sudden swoon beside
Your home—if some one poorly clad
Left bloody footprints in the snow,
Would you give of the bit you had,
Or would you bar your door, and go?

If China were across the street,
Instead of seven seas away,
Would you give China food to eat,
Or would you pass it by today?
If Christ, with tender hands stretched out,
Should smile at you from Heaven above,
Would you, by one small shred of doubt,
Betray the splendor of His love?

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

* * * * *

Contributions are being received for the relief of the 20,000,000 Chinese sufferers from famine by James A. Thomas, Treasurer, National Headquarters, China Famine Relief, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

KEEPING LENT

Is this a fast, to keepe
The larder leane
And cleane
From fat of veals and sheape?

Is it to quit the dish
of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Of ragged goe,
Or show
The downcast look and soure?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheate,
And meate,
Unto the hungry soule!

It is a fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate,
To circumcise thy life.

To show the hearte, griefe-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—*Robert Herrick.*

WORK FOR PEACE AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE

On Sunday, January 27th, about ninety students of fifteen nationalities met in the studio at Antioch to discuss international and inter-racial questions. This was one of a series of meetings held during the past two years, with the purpose of increasing understanding and consequent good feeling among different races.

Wilberforce, one of the largest colleges in the country for colored people, is only eight miles away and students and faculty from there have frequently met with those from Antioch for suppers or evening meetings in order to discuss current problems. The last meeting was rather more pretentious and the foreign students from Wittenberg College (another neighbor) and from Antioch appeared in native costumes — Japanese, Chinese, Dutch, Polish and so on. Signs of "Chinese Spoken Here," et cetera, caused much entertainment, especially "English Spoken Here" represented by Antioch's London trained nurse. An Algerian student from Wilberforce, speaking fluent French, was one guest.

Antiochians have always felt they profited greatly by knowing intimately the foreigners in their midst—Hindu, Chinese, Austrian, Scotch or Central American and such meetings as these tend greatly to increase the spirit of brotherhood towards all peoples.

—*Friend's Intelligencer.*

A WORLD PEACE POSTAGE STAMP

An association has been organized in the U. S. A. known as "The World Peace Postage Association" Their object is to prevail upon all nations to issue a permanent government peace stamp in popular denominations for national and international use and to place it on sale for the same price and same purpose as the regular stamps, to take the place of other stamps at the option of the purchaser. In this way every time a postage stamp is bought it can be a vote for peace. If 80 to 90 per cent of the people insist on using the peace stamp it will be a definite popular vote against war. The stamp should have some appropriate peace design with a suitable motto such as Pax per Legem—Peace by Law. In 1927, nearly three and a half billion pieces of mail were exchanged among the nations. If each piece of mail bore a Peace Ballot Stamp, there would come the thought of peace and good will into the heart of every receiver and sender.

Anyone interested in this plan can help make it a reality by taking it up 1, with your daily paper; 2, your government representatives; 3, your general post office officials. For further information, write to World Peace Postage Association, P. O. Box 512, St. Paul, Minnesota, U. S. A.

WHAT THE JUDGE BAKER FOUNDATION IS DOING

This is Boston's Institute for Guidance in Childhood and Youth. It happened not long ago that a little nine-year-old boy stole $20 from his teacher. The Foundation discovered that the child had bought shoes and stockings with the money for his young brothers and sisters, and that he had spent only twenty cents on himself. On the advice of the Foundation, the little boy and his brothers and sisters were taken from the care of their parents, unwilling and unable to raise them. Instead of becoming a criminal, the boy is growing to manhood amid proper surroundings. He has been saved to himself and to the community. Now, here is the chief point in this little story. It concerns the Judge Baker Foundation, which was started in Boston. Its work lies in crime prevention, and it believes in catching the children young. The Boston *Daily Globe* carries on the story:

"During the eleven years that the institution has been running it has studied 6,000 cases of delinquent and non-delinquent children, from the ages of six to seventeen. Its case records are the most complete in the world, since, for the Foundation, a case never closes. The Foundation receives all Juvenile Court cases as well as cases from 134 agencies of social welfare. Judge Frederick Cabot of the Boston Juvenile Court has said that the court could not function without the Foundation, and that within the last eleven years there has been a decline in youthful delinquency.

"Seventy-six per cent of delinquent children are normal, and 11 per cent of this number are supernormal. Study of case histories has proved that comparatively few of the delinquents are morons. These children are, and can be, set on the road to honest citizenship. It is the duty of society to see that they have their chance. Doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers are able, completely documented and working in harmony, to set aright more human disasters than any system of legal punishments yet devised. Many a boy and a girl that would have been ruined by a court sentence has been healed by the Foundation, for its percentage of successfully treated cases has been high. Evil environments can be bettered; weak character can be strengthened; the criminally sick can be cured!"

The Foundation, continues *The Daily Globe*, is the most progressive step toward crime prevention since the codification of simple social laws, and al-

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evil, David Lubin saw it coming long ago and predicted it. The ones most responsible therefore will deserve congratulations or censure.

You are in proximity to one of the great sources of this remarkable innovation. If you can dig up a copy of *The Daily Illini* of Jan. 13, 1925, you will find an article by the celebrated Eugene Davenport, Dean Emeritus of the Agricultural College, headed "Organization of Farmers Not Feasible—Davenport."

In this article the illustrious Dean packs more mis-information and hostility to organization of labor, industrial, agricultural and by inference, intellectual, than would seem possible.

Labor organizations and periodicals should look this up. The dean, retired by age limit also distinguished himself (possibly extinguished himself), by contributions along the same line of thought to *The Saturday Evening Post.* These might profitably be looked up by those interested in the plight of other forms of labor.

St. Paul, Minn. JOEL HENRY GREENE.

ready its pioneer work has been recognized throughout the world. In fact,

"Fifty institutes are modeled after it. Clinics are opening in London and Paris, as well as in the larger cities of these United States. Australia, Japan, China, New Zealand, and South Africa have sent eminent men to study the methods of Boston's Institute for Guidance in Childhood and Youth.

"Jail is the place of last resort, when society, confessing itself incompetent, demands blindly an eye for an eye. How much better to cure than to condemn. The influence of the Foundation is not alone for the guidance of youth, it is establishing a principle for social resurrection. The involutions of human character are complex; the tissues of society are complicated. Youth can not always serve itself. It must be served, instead, intelligently and honestly. There is more progress in such an institution as the Judge Baker Foundation than there is in all the criminal courts in the country. To heal the sick, to encourage health is the task of any civilized society and the salvation of the world."

—The Literary Digest.

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING TEAM

Bates College, an American institution of learning, in 1921 met in debate with Oxford on English soil. It was the first time an intercollegiate debating team had crossed the Atlantic. Thus it was that international debating between these two particular countries got under way. Since then this form of debating has become increasingly popular. Each year since 1922 one or more British teams have traveled in the United States. In 1927 forensic orators from Sydney, Australia, Cambridge University, and Oxford Union came to the United States to engage in platform discussion with the representatives of a large number of the country's colleges and universities. During their stay of five weeks these visiting debaters, in addition to meeting their academic engagements, spoke before many popular assemblies.

International debating should be encouraged. There are unlimited possibilities for good through the multiplying of such contacts. Especially is this true with regard to forensic competition between youth groups in the United States and England. It is a commonplace to assert that the peace of the world depends in a large measure on the extent to which these two countries are able to cooperate with one another on a basis of mutual understanding. It would be splendid if the interchange of debates between Oxford, Cambridge and other English universities with institutions of learning in the United States could be made a regular feature of the academic activities of both of these countries. A splendid opportunity would thereby be provided for the student groups of the English-speaking world to develop something approaching a common point of view on matters of public policy.

—The Christian Science Monitor.

NAZARENES RELEASED FROM JAIL

A telegram from Jugo-Slavia states that 112 Nazarenes imprisoned for ten years for refusing to take up arms, have been released. This leaves 20 to 30 still in jail. This religious sect refuses to take arms in its hands or to take the oath, but offers alternative service in the sanitary section of the army.

A WORLD TREATY OUTLAWING WAR

The Kellogg Peace Pact reads: "...recourse to war...is renounced as an instrument of national policy."

"...the solution of all disputes of whatever nature...shall never be sought except by pacific means."

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—Pax International.

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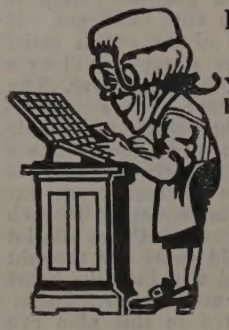

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